

WRITINGS 1987

20 November thru 26 Jan. 1988

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT: FREEHOLD JAIL WRITINGS

HENTRICH DIARIES

PHASE ONE: EARTH AND SKY JOURNALS

VOLUME TWO

BOOK ONE



I: 2, "Loose"

MEDITATIONS

NOTEBOOK 6

⑥ MCCI

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excerpts from Hermann Hesse's, Demian

We who wore the sign might justly be considered "odd" by the world, even crazy, and dangerous. We were "aware", or in the process of becoming aware and our striving was directed toward a more and more complete state of awareness while the striving of the others was a quest aimed at binding their opinions, ideals, duties, their lives and fortunes more and more closely to those of the herd.

We who were marked believed that we represented the will of Nature to something new, to the individualism of the future. The others sought to perpetuate the status-quo.

All of the faiths and teachings seemed to us already dead and useless. The only duty and destiny we acknowledged was that each one of us should become so completely himself, so utterly faithful to the active seed Nature planted within him, that in living out it's growth he could be surprised by nothing unknown to come.

→ When the upheavals of the earth's surface flung the creatures of the sea into the land and the land creatures into the sea, the specimens of the various orders that were ready to follow their destiny were the ones that accomplished the new and unprecedented; by making new biological adjustments they were able to save their species from destruction. We do not know whether these were the same specimens that had previously distinguished themselves as upholders of the status quo, or

rather as eccentrics, revolutionaries; but we do know they were ready, and could therefore lead their species into new phases of evolution. That is why we want to be "ready".

You consider yourself odd at times, you accuse yourself of taking a road different from most people. You have to unlearn that. Gaze into the fire, into the clouds, and as soon as the inner voices begin to speak, surrender to them, don't ask first whether it's permitted. Our god's name is Abraxas, and he is God and Satan and he contains both the luminous and the dark world. Abraxas does not take exception to any of your thoughts, any of your dreams. Never forget that. But he will leave you once you've become blameless and normal. Then he will leave you and look for a different vessel in which to brew his thoughts.

Each creature carries the vestiges of his birth—the skins and eggshells of his premeral past—with him to the end of his days.

We are experiments by Nature.

We listen to the inner voices of Nature to evolve, and grow into the new phases of Becoming.

HERMANN HESSE DEMIAN

SESSION 432

The Second Power Principle

We must develop our animal nature! By this, I do not mean "to be a savage". The second power is the invisible quality of our ancestral response to our organic environment: our response to our environment.

The second power is an active state of the innermost awareness, the wordless experience of our blood-line. To tap into the power of an ancient presence that is with us in timeless union, is to actually transcend the barriers of the transitory, and develop a sensitivity to the primative - long lasting world of THE SPIRIT.

Invisibility is the core of THE SPIRIT, and we must be on guard to challenge the gimmicks that give us form: mirrors, wakeful agitation, linear concepts of time and space, etc.

The World of The Spirit is the unknown realm of the gods, psychadelic imaginaries, and the fibers that connects us to the landscape. The Earth is not only our maternal dwelling place where we eat, mate, and sleep; but the Earth is also our after-life-ultra-life spiritual center. We have been put here by our paternal energy source, the Sun, and shall roam this environment for millenias.

A Healer is one who is granted powers from the gods to DO WHAT IS RIGHT, and who is guided by sacred beings. We are children of the sun. It is time for us to awaken!

Karl, The Seeker of Visions

The next thing Karl knows, he is dancing in a circle, offering song to the Six Directions... he puts his mouth to a tree branch, and begins to drum in rhythm with his emotional world.

He is 20 years old now, and his dog has long since died. His parents long-since divorced, his father moved to South Jersey with a new wife, his sister wed with 5 year old son, and he has recently returned to Freehold to be sentenced by the courts.

He loves this land, and is offering song to the gods, so that they might behold him - and make him to walk in a sacred manner.

Meanwhile, industry continues to desecrate the earth, and Karl sinks into a mood of renewal and utter surrender to the Spirit of the Earth.

Karl is now seeking peace. He no longer wants the burden of the human race's sins on his mind. He no longer wants to capture his childhood sweetheart against her will. He merely seeks peace, and an honest communication with THE GODS AND SPIRITS.

Karl, looks out the small crack of glass in the brick wall of his cage. He knows it is very cold out there, and is grateful to be warm. He goes into Nature's Memory to see with the eyes of the creator of the universe:

the creator sees Karl and 3 Blacks cleaning the debris of a construction sight.

The one we call Alem, who is interested in the Native Americans as much as Karl is, works hard at getting the "garbage" into the truck. Karl is weeping.

"This land... I remember when this land was pure... oh my sweet jeans! look at the Earth. She bleeds... she bleeds and reeks of an alien invasion. The machines are tearing her up! I am helpless; I can do nothing to stop it!"

Alem laughs out of love for his comrade, who ~~has~~ obviously cared too much for one day...

That evening Karl realizes that not only is the earth dying, but his own will to survive has vanished.

Karl had worked hard all day cleaning up the garbage - from construction - on a field not far from his stomping grounds. As always Karl meditated on the "progress" that was invading the area, tearing up the earth, and generally closing in on his Childhood Emerald Forest World.

That evening he and the woman had a few cold words together, and with tears in the young daughter's eyes, Karl got his "sacred skins" on.

"Where are you going" cried the daughter.

Karl saw the woman walk angrily into her room, and squatted beside ~~her~~ the young girl, whispering loudly enough for the woman to overhear,

"Tonight I'm staying in the woods near a great lake to sit by a great fire - I need to stare into warm flames tonight."

Snow covered the ground, but the air was not freezing. Yes, it was winter, and a fire was sacred this season.

One could learn great humility in gathering twigs before ~~the~~ grandfather's winter.

distinguished themselves as upholders of the status quo, as

November 1987

age: 20

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Resistance

Karl grabs his pen and begins to write in his 1987THOUGHTPAD, as he taps into the memory of his adolescence.

He is not sure when it began, but going through doors of consciousness, he mentally recalls the many examples of his rejection of the "comfort zone".

He would speak to his mother and sister about wanting to figure out the controlling agent, and change his own lifestyle to resemble pre-History. Among other things, he criticized the military, the church, progress, machines, oppression, television, telephones, excessive comfort, superficial happiness, and he described conformity to the norm as being a kind of conditioning that molded someone into a robot.

A lot of these images arose as inspiration from a teacher who told Karl that "Ronald McDonald was the Anti Christ."

His sister asked him not to speak of it with her because she was into being happy. His mother said she worked all day, and did not have time to "resist" the way things were - the law of behaviour.

✓
The girl he was fucking at the time would cry, thinking Karl a seriously confused person who had reached too deep into truth.

His grandfather (mother's dad) called him a commie, and the aunts and uncles were sure he was into some kind of pre-historic cult... in the end, Karl was grateful to have discovered what he felt was so real, so sensitive, and he went headlong into a long period of isolation.

Today he tries to keep these thoughts to himself - and sees it as a gift from the gods. He writes journals, and has no desire to "drag others into his wavelength". He is content to be somewhat different, and silently awaits on inner messages to guide him into primitive awareness.

As a result of all the warped ideas, he grew his hair long. Today his hair is short - and his face is clean. But the hair on his face is submerging, and he wants his hair to grow back.

He is at the crossroads. He wants out of the institution.

456.2

The Show Must Go On

✓

This youth that was homeless for those few weeks in May of 1987, he slept in the Grays old abandoned house near the Freehold Racetrack. The corner where the elderly black woman, who has a hard time getting to her mail, owns a small shack where she's been living for a long time.

Even though industry is planning on building a mall there, she does not move.

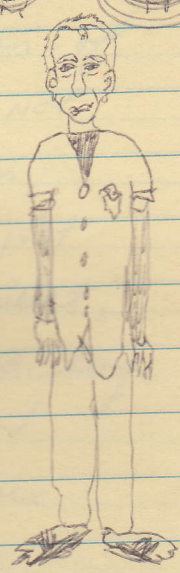
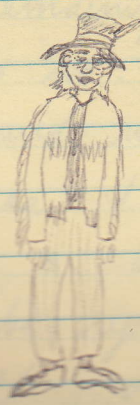
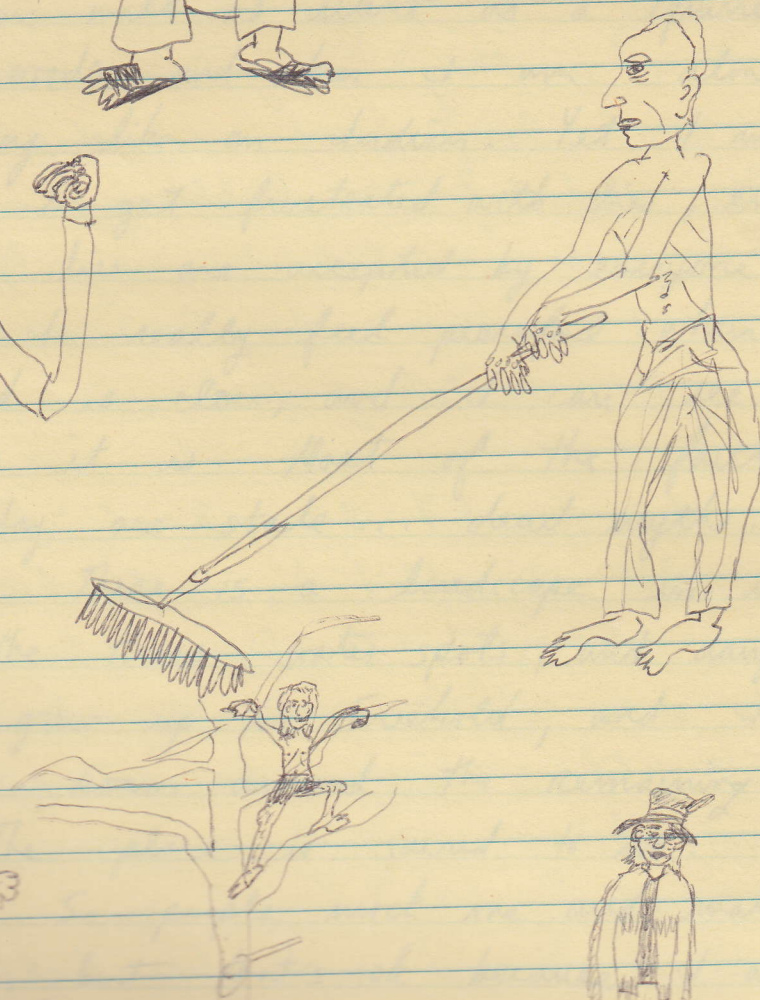
God bless her. This youth, who is in the county jail waiting to go to prison, used to visit the elderly woman on some of his frequent visits to the Grays house. He used to go over there to be with Allison, who used to get the woman's mail for her.

Now. Is it true that in this story called Life, that the relationships we begin as childrens come around full circle when we mature into adults?

The youth, Michael Hentrich, remembers the terribly effective spell Allison would chant to him over the phone late at night...

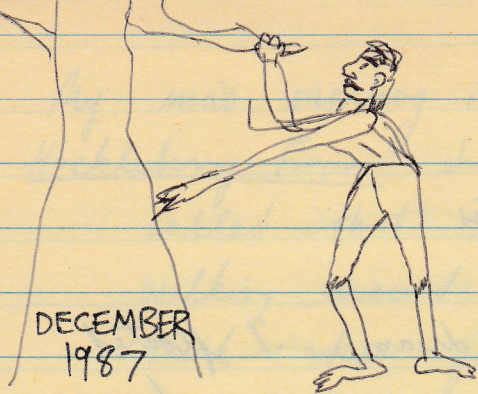
"Michael?" she would whisper

"Michael? ... Michael?" she would repeat.



AND ST. CATHARINE

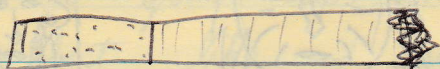
Brother of the Trees

DECEMBER
1987

Behind these eyes is the forest, the magical forests of changing seasons, thunderstorms, and dreams. The Trees are my allies, and I have to have patience while I tolerate the preaching Christians.

I am going to die in the Earth. I was born of the Earth. No matter what words people use to manipulate and explain reality, in order to be totally honest, I surrender to Nature.

This is a cigarette. It is what I smoke in this cage:



I inhale the smoke for a short moment, and then I exhale it. It makes me dizzy. In jail, ~~cigarettes~~ equal money.
cigarettes

My ma* is upset because I'm in this cage. My pa* doesn't know what to think. He's always depressed. My sister is busy with her own life, but she worries about me. I miss my nephew...

* I had been reading Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, hence "ma" and "pa".
I never called my parents that... just Mom and Dad.

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The Gypsy Youth Walks Alone In The Woods

For a long time I've been a lone wolf,
but I'm never really "alone". When I
walk in the woods, the trees are with
me, the birds and squirrels are with me.

I talk to the spirits that have befriended
me. A lot of times the only time I can
really sing is when I'm alone
in the woods. I sing to the sky,
and the wind responds for me, the
trees speak back to me.

And when I am alone in my den,
I write. Even when I was living in
an abandoned house, I held onto a
pad... and a pen. I keep track of
my dreams.

This is what I write before I go
to sleep:

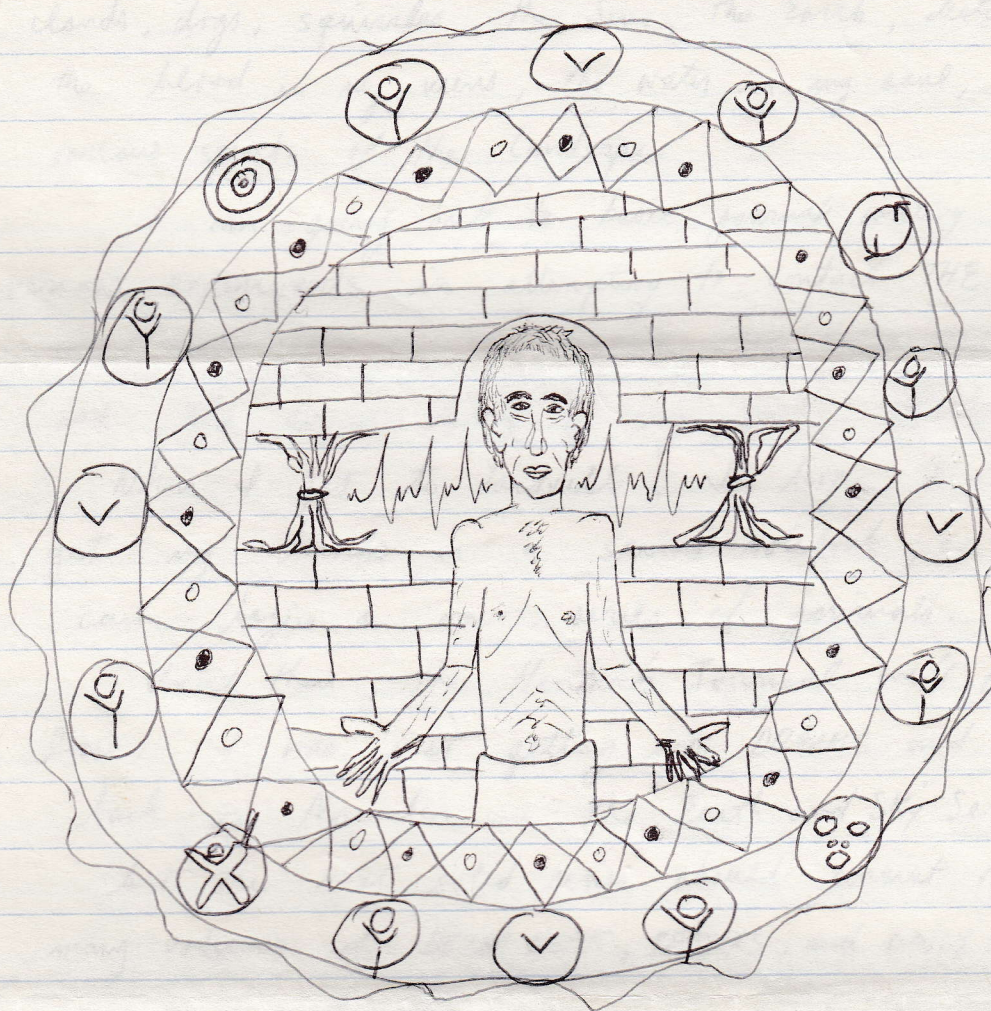


I call it The Mystic Spiral. It
represents the eternal now... the renewable
hoop of Nature. It also reflects the
"spiraling inward" that occurs when
one chooses to become animal... to listen,
not to speak; to understand, not to
define. Then I ask the Great Spirit a
question, and suggest gifts It might grant me.

... a voice for the response of The Tree People.



THE WILDERNESS OF THE MIND



HENTRICH JOURNAL
DECEMBER
1987
MCCI JAIL



These are "external pictures". Za has a migraine headache today. Za is focusing on receiving the books in the mail this evening and may be causing "added tension".

How does the "internal world" look?



Slowly coming out of a migraine headache has away of restoring my soul. I mean it's parallel to a near death experience. The more clear minded and calm ~~and~~ ^I become as the headache disapates, the less I want, the more content I become with mere existence.

I've been through many stages of what can be called skizomania. I admit much of my journals writing is really confusing and spacey. I've always been unrealistic and I kind of live in my own little world. I'm not knocking myself. I just want to be born again.

I don't mean I want to start spreading the gospel message, but I want to be free of needing A CAUSE to live for and center my life around. I want to be born again in Nature and Existence and Mystery.

"Wilderness of The Mind: Part One" was bringing me back into "The Books of Wonder" phase of my growing process. I want to venture into the real, the unknown too, but mostly the TRUTH!

The way I feel tonight, I'd like to burn what I ever have written before - but that would be senseless. I remember ... I would now like to forget all the bullshit. I want to feel so totally honest and complete.

I think I know why I had a headache, and still have a slight tension in my neck... It's that those books haven't gotten here yet,



Who am i? What should i call myself?

I am seeking my identity.

should i try to find a name that describes my nature? May be i should forget about "name" and move on to another area of reflection?

Reflecting on a name, an identity is one area of reflection. Reflecting on my feelings is another. How do i feel?

For one i have a migraine headache.

For another thing to speak about, i realize that the drugs i've eaten have expanded my mind, and put me in touch with my animal nature.

i mean let me just stop worrying about what i write, and realize that my experiences are molding my character no matter what i write about.



Question: Who am i Answer: i am HENTRICH.

yes... there are no other HENTRICH'S ^{IN} EXISTENCE at this stage of the evolution of the human species.

Only Great Grandmother-Amy Hentrich, Grandparents-Cord and Eusely Hentrich, Father-Bill Hentrich, and myself Michael Williams.

I always want a nick name, aka name, or tribe name... that's were the ungowut and 20 bullshit comes from why can't i accept HENTRICH.

OK. OK. how about The Last Hienrich?

i am Last Hentrich seeking true nature and i need
an identity... i am not a number; i am
a wild child of the gods and the earth and the
sun... ally to the Trees, dream companion to
the crows...

Tonight my head hurts, and there is a painful
tension in my neck. i believe i am a
good creature who just happens to be
some kind of lab animal right now
being rehabilitated.

For the past six months i've been
corralled into various habitats. Before
that i was prowling in search of a mate.
The one i found didn't stick.

So i'm in this cage waiting for my
hair to grow longer, and watching my forehead
lose it's hair. *fun prehistoric.*

The identity i'm looking for is not a
name, but a NATURE, a certain quality.
I want an intimate relationship with
the landscape and the creatures of it's
realm. I want Mother Earth to call
me by a certain name...

HENTRICH!

yes. i know. h-e-n-t-r-i-c-h.

Why is a tribal name so important?

For Rites of passage!!!

Y E { { O } } W { { O U } }

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SESSION 016 DECEMBER 15 TUESDAY MORNING 1987

The migraine headache of the 14th lasted all night, (sleepless night) into the morning. I was so desperate for relief that I asked the guard for some Tylenol.

The pain was incredible.

The cause is tension. The effect is extreme pain.

I should STOP THINKING. All I need to worry about, as an organism, is to eat, be sheltered from the extreme weathers, and may be to mate.

In the modern world that means WORK and LOVE.

Being in jail, it means relax - be calm, breathe.

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SESSION 017 DECEMBER 15 TUESDAY AFTERNOON

Looking out the cage window, I see the trees dancing in the wind. Clouds fill the sky, and the ground is covered with wetness.

I don't like to use modern medicine, but the tylenol helped me to get through an NA group and to catch a few hours sleep. I got a few books from the prison library which will take away the anxiety of receiving the new books ^{over} in the next few days.

I've been changing in the way I feel about "being locked up". I did turn myself in, and I was reaching out for help when I stole the purse from that woman back in May of this year. I needed the taxpayers money to help me get the bad chemicals out of my blood, so that I would become a more complete and aware creature.

There is great relief in humour, cynicism, and acceptance of the pain of living as something inherent in living itself. I can be in awe of the Sun and the Earth, the clouds and the trees, but I find it absurd to believe everything any given organization adheres to.

Like organized religion for example, to see it for what it is can be a rude awakening. It is better to be honest and sad, than to be deceived and full of superficial happiness.

I'm a firm believer that each individual life-form (animals, plants, and human beings) has a right and a duty to understand the world as his/her nature perceives it. What is true for the masses is not always true for each individuality.

In these times, if anything I prefer to be a naturalist, an existentialist, a **philosopher** of sorts... one who listens and observes, but does not define and explain. I believe the questions are answered by more questions, and each question deepens our awareness of the unknown. The MYSTERY and the STRANGENESS of everyday life is too apparent to be manipulated by scientists, religious organizations, and psychologists.

The inner being does not speak, it listens. It does not perceive words as reality, but only a very limited perception of reality. The inner being listens to the sounds of the Sun traveling the universe, the sounds of our blood flowing in the dream landscape.

DECEMBER 21 MONDAY MORNING

My eyes sting from sleep. I must have been swimming deep in the waters of the psychic realm. Like the sound of a lone dog barking into an endless darkness, like the echo of a whale, in my sleep I see the world with Neolithic perceptions.

Last night, listening to the poor dogs speak, I too, could identify with their message. They were saying, "We are trapped. Hey! Spirits of the Forest! Behold us! We are being fed, yet we are locked in cages with unnatural light shining on us.

We are like the vine of a plant growing until we hit the walls... then we go in circles in search of a new path. The dogs... we in these walls of cement... roots seeking soil... snakes in a tank... turtles in the bottom of a bucket...

I have an idea. Plants and microorganisms, they are in a harmonious state of mind for mere existence. I must discover enchantment in the ACT of breathing, praying, eating, sleeping in den, and staring at the trees, listening for messages.

How do I feel about the rituals of jail life?
I enjoy sleeping, and waiting for the Great Spirit to heal me of my mental wounds.
I enjoy having a full belly, then laying down to read an interesting story. Whatever I read reflects something about life that I may take for granted, and then I see the quality of the story in my own life... I realize I am also on an adventure, and that no matter how bad an EXPERIENCE is, I can LEARN from it. I can learn about the psychic realm. I am experiencing the effects of being locked up... I am standing on a common ground with the dogs on the chains and closed in by walls.

That sadness radiates a glow, and there is joy in that glow. I am on the TRANSFORMING ENERGIES Side. The Trees and the squirrels are my allies.

Now I just have to let go, and let Nature work on me. What I become will be in body language, and words are like the wind.

I eat, I shit, I sleep, I smoke, I read, I eat some more, I smoke some more, I read some more, I sleep, I eat, I smoke, I shit, I smoke, I sleep.

If I learn to clear my mind of the JUNK THOUGHTS, my Presence will be able to FOCUS ON THE CURRENT.

The current is an EXPERIENCE, it is not a thing.

4

FREEHOLD JAIL

DECEMBER 1987 / JANUARY 1988

SESSION 520

Although I would like to write a novel, I do not feel quite that mature yet, so I am sticking to memoirs and dream work.

I have destroyed most of my journals, not because of paranoia, but because I was disappointed by the lack of quality. The journals seemed repetitive, chaotic, contradictory, immature, and basically low-quality junk thoughts of a youth dumping psychedelic insights onto paper.

I decided I wanted to write words that could be read over and over again. I have learned from those experiments with journal writing. I have learned that I must not write about things I know nothing about, nor should I bring up religion or politics or the events of my childhood.

I want to be honest, and say what I mean with as few words possible. I want to breakthrough to reflecting the world as it really is. Children's myths are for children, and political opinions should be exposed as underlying messages.

It is useless to come right out and explain reality in factual terms, as if I could possibly define the unknown linguistically. What I can do is infer a mood in the things I choose to write about.

The December 1987 Freehold Jail Writings are basically autobiographical in nature, and they contain a lot of over dramatic, too intense groanings and memories.

I would like to begin anew.

Michael H. Hentrich. Mike is my first name.



527

This is my spirit : ○

This is the spirit of a family : ⊗

Tonight, I am wondering about detachment,
growth, and inner strength : ⊙

This is my spirit in a cage : ◻

Tonight, I am wondering about elevating from
the cage with spirit power : ◻

Whatever happens on the external side of life
is symbolic for events on the internal side
of life.

I wonder about my life in this world.

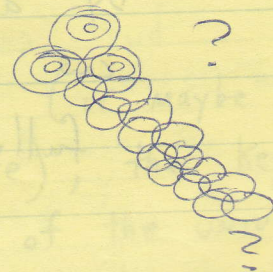
I am the last in the Heutrich blood line.

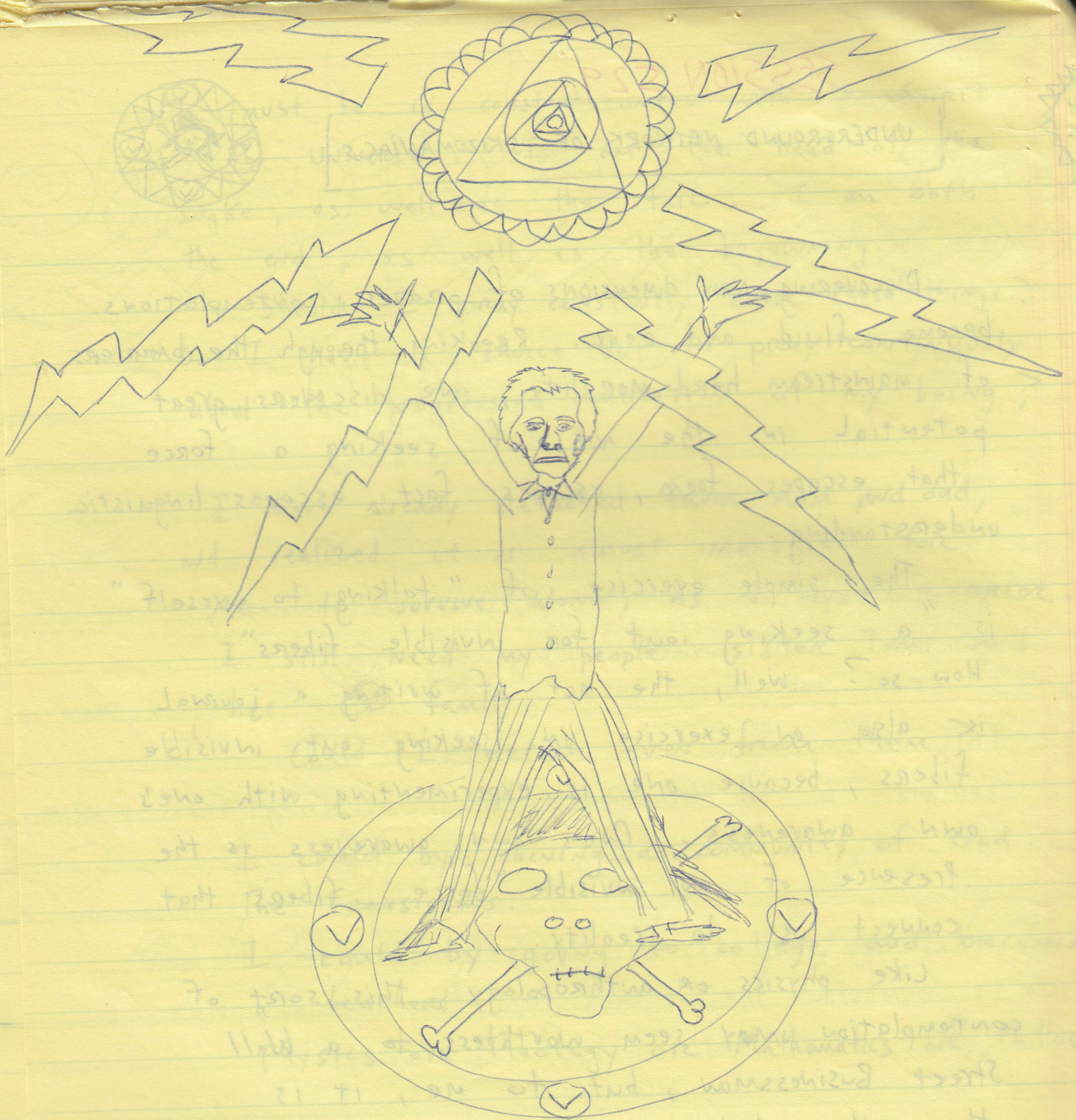
Our people are in me. if the Earth chooses
to procreate Heutrich, She will do it
through me. If the Spirit World wants
Heutrich to enter it forever, it would
occur through me.

I will do this! ⊗

or I will do this: ⊙

could I do both?





the Presence of Nature



1987

JAN: LEFT LISA'S TO LIVE WITH MINICHINI'S

FEB: turned 20

MARCH: Marlboro?

APRIL: TO DONNA'S

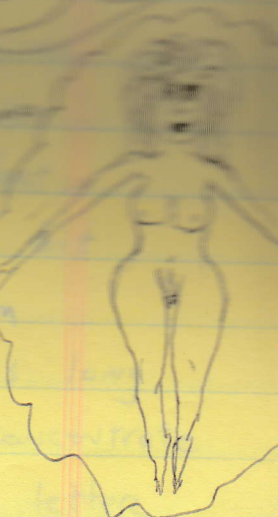
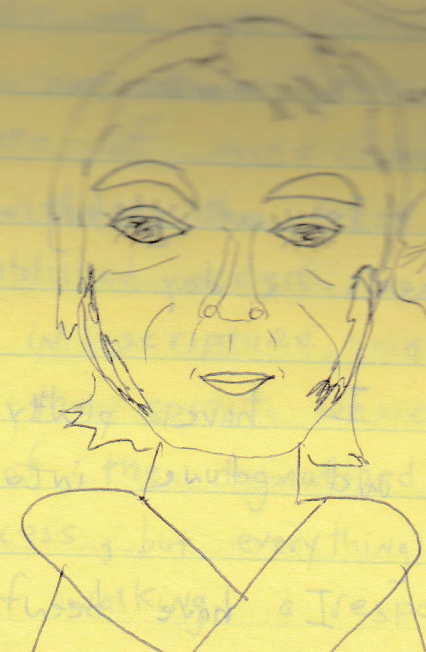
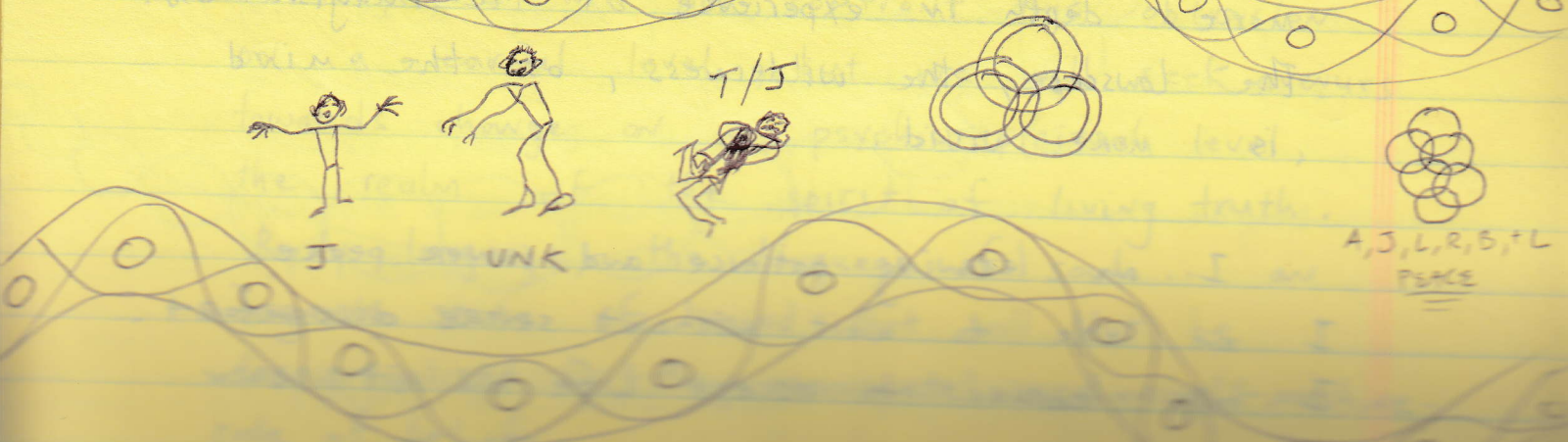
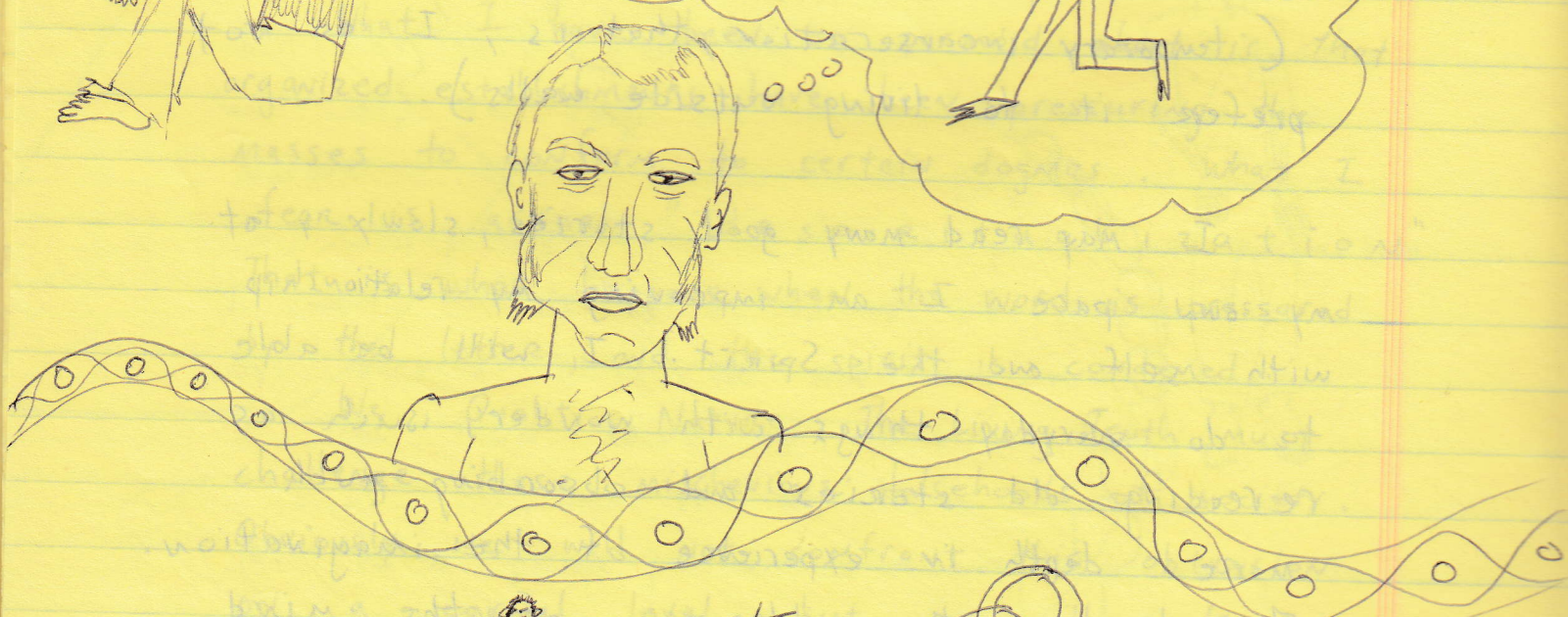
MAY: TO MCCI till JULY

JULY: TO NEW HOPE, MARLBORO

AUGUST: TO FLYNN HOUSE till NOV.

NOV: BACK to MCCI

DEC. HERE I SIT.



I am really getting a lot of rest in this confinement. There are people in the military who are busting their asses and getting physically strong. For what?

Is survival all that important?

I became sick because of the pressures of industrialized civilization. My animal nature rebelled against time and conformity, the conditioning didn't work on me.

I was killing the pain of living with chemicals. I became Neoprehistoric... I became an incurable. So here I am in a cage. I don't work. I just sleep, eat, shit, read, and write.

While citizens are obediently doing their jobs, I am in this cage like a dog... being fed by society.

So this is not the right path, I know. I have to "clean up my act".

By first tuning out of chemical dependence, and then re-entering society as a rehabilitated human animal, I can "just get by without appearing to be a sick prehistoric organism".

After many years of service in the labor force, I may even be able to achieve a dignified position in society, such as a teacher.

Then in the summer I can revert back to my tribal consciousness by camping out in the bush.

I really don't need a mate right away, lest my prehistoric nature be revealed - and I get sent back with the incurables.

I awoke very tired this morning, and headed down to the mess hall. The cornflakes were soggy and the toast was spongy as usual, but the sugar in the coffee and on the cereal was a treat, as it is every morning.

I thought I would go back to sleep after breakfast, but an inmate from downstairs came up to rap with my roommate. One thing led to another with the visitors instigating and my room mates usual bitter, angry attitude. As I put powder on my feet, my roommate - whom I knew from an alcohol rehabilitation program - demanded I stop.

Believing this to be a very rude and pushy demand - even for a 195 pound 6 foot 2 inch man - I kept dabbing the powder on. He grabbed my powder, with me resisting the whole time, and began throwing it against the wall. Then he grabbed my shampoo, as if to dump it down the toilet.

I had been pushed to the limit. I jumped from the top bunk, bringing my fist back on my way down, and socked him in the chest while my left arm went around his neck. The shampoo and powder spilled all over the room, on the walls, the toilet, and the floor.

As quick as lightning, he karate kicked me in the groin, and my hands and arms sagged in front of me.

I said, "Pete... my nuts?"

The other man restrained him, and I

25-330
I cleaned the room, and nothing was said all day. I felt well, considering what had went down.

I ate my bread at lunch time, and moved my bowls after chow.

The rest of the day I was depressed. I could not figure out how I ended up in jail. The booze and the drugs were leaving my brain, and the shock is intense when one is fully alive.

I ate my chicken for dinner, and smoked many bowls of tobacco in my pipe (also some regular cigarettes). I went through my journal, and decided to try to improve my writing style.

There was a jestful alliance against me, but I took it to heart - I resisted with stomping feet. I was ready for the second time today to draw the line on the mental abuse I would tolerate from other inmates.

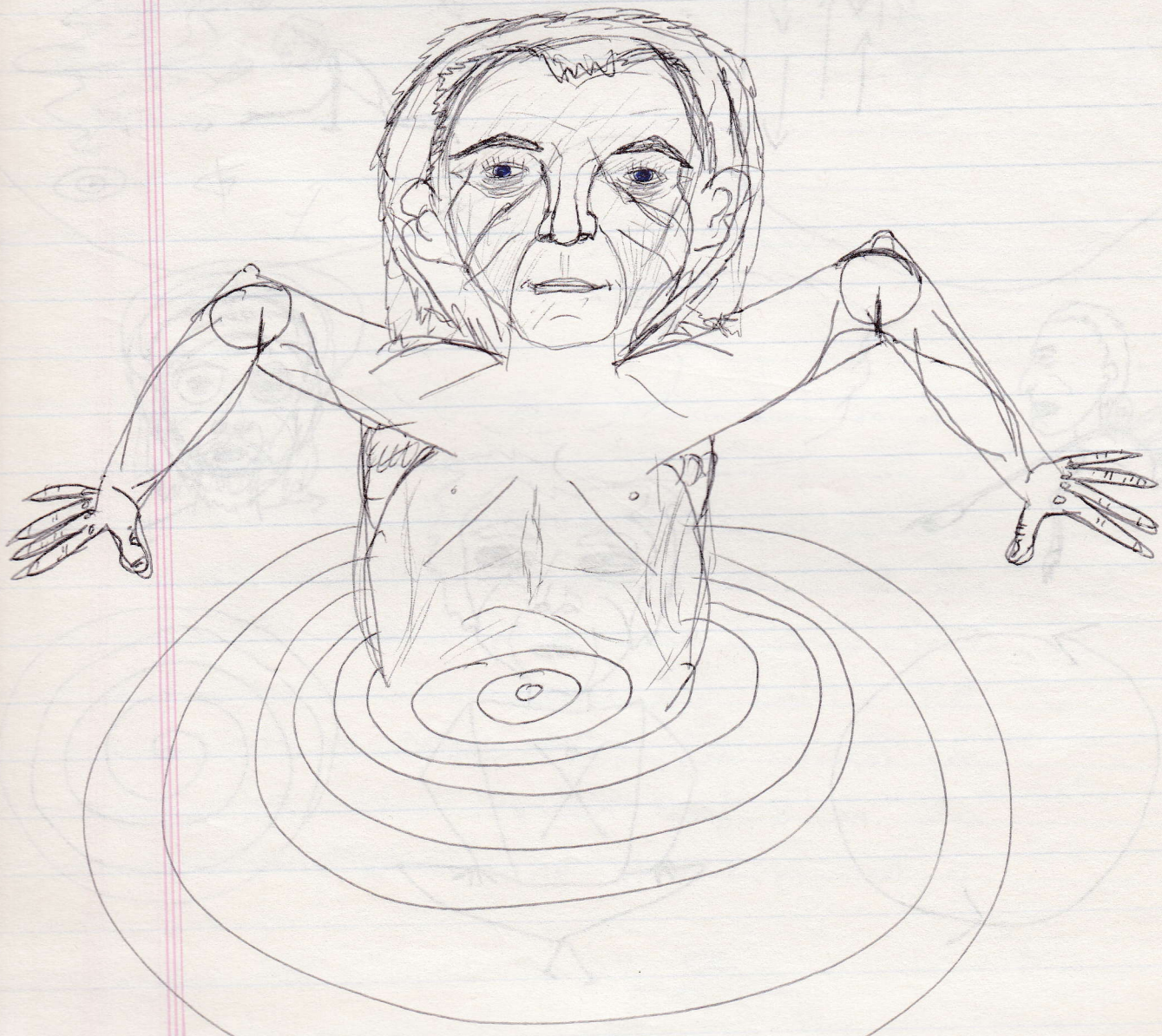
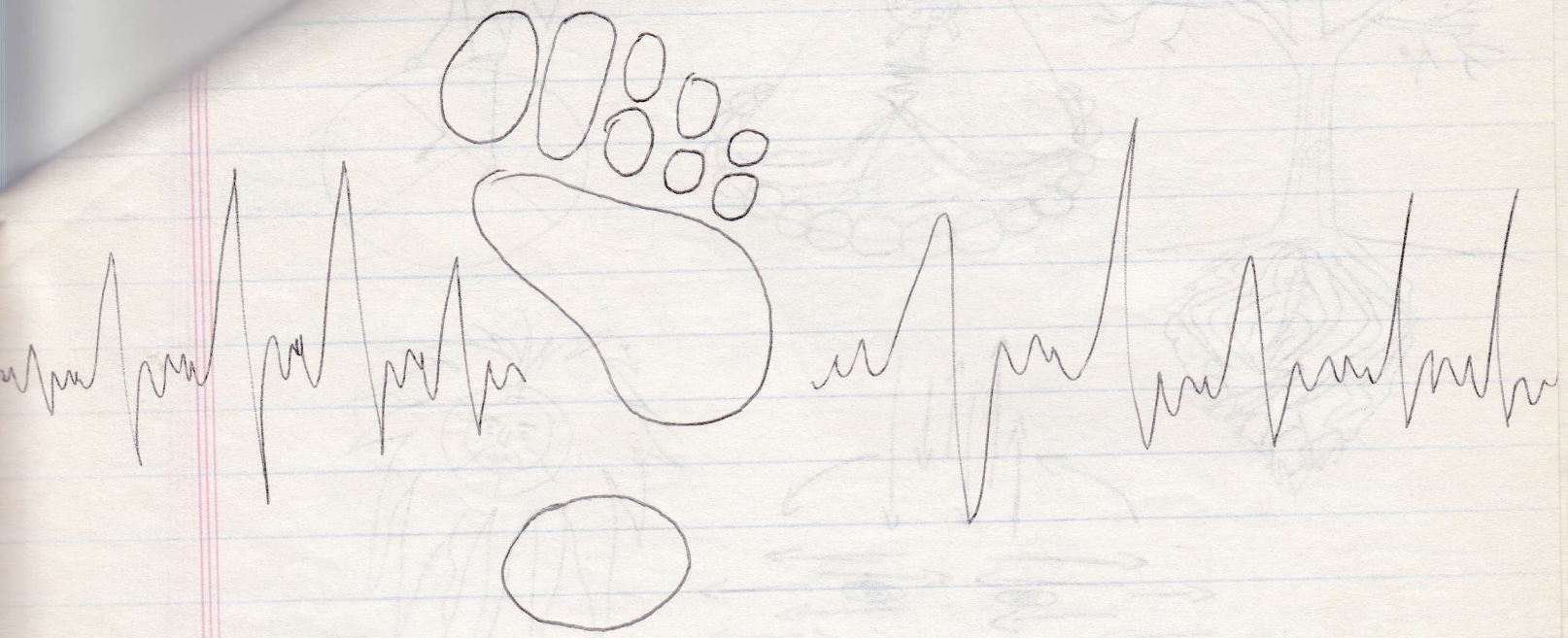
As if sent in by God, a large Black youth came in my room as the four others ^{white} were surrounding my bunk.

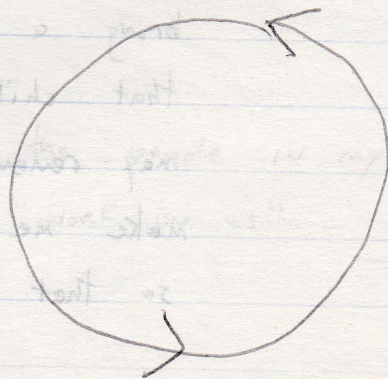
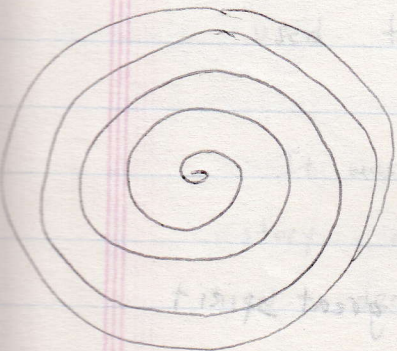
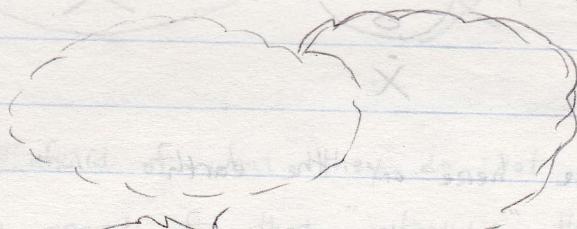
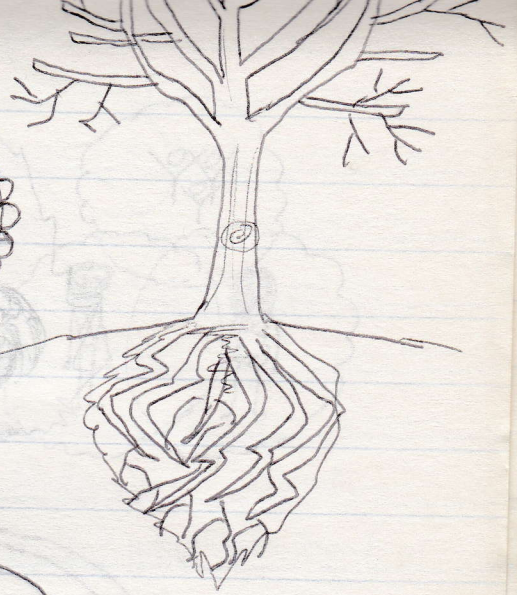
He asked me, "You need some back up?"

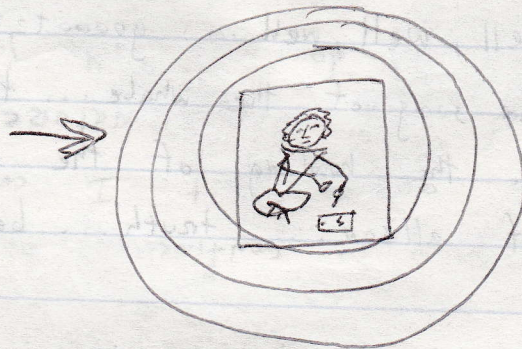
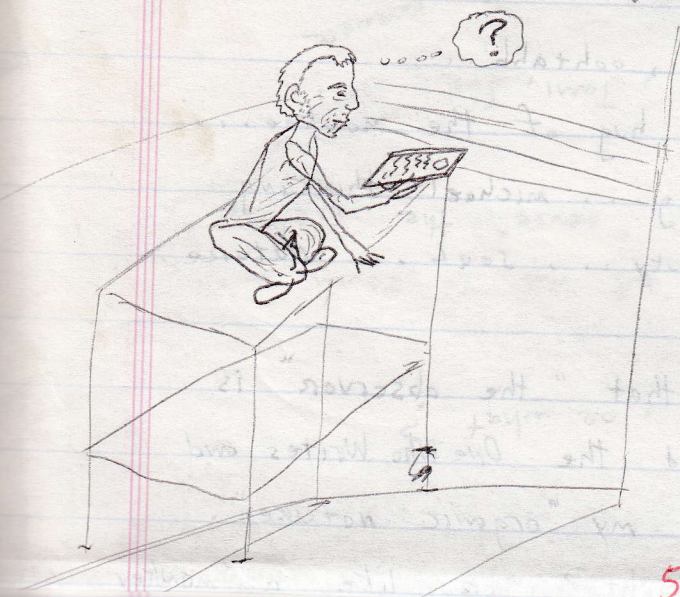
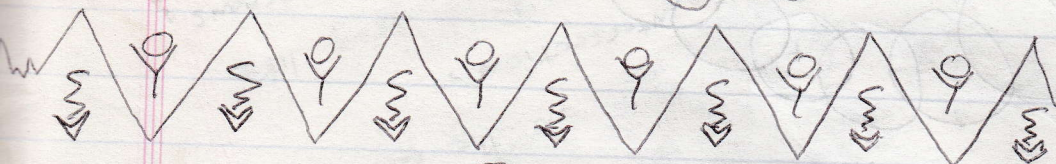
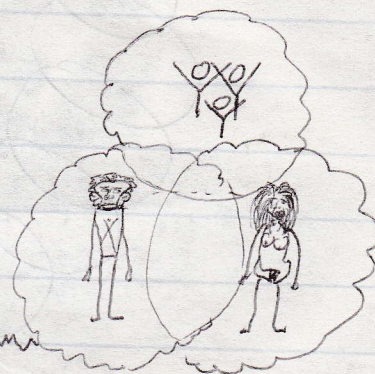
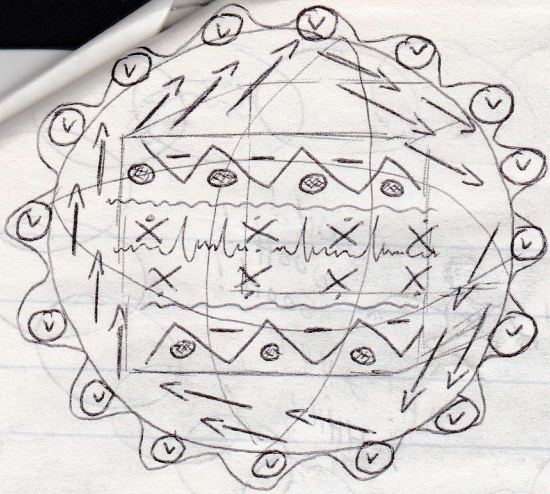
I just nodded my head, "Yes".

Then, another blessing, hot water was being handed out downstairs, so I used that time to jump right off my bunk, and out the door.

A crucial intermission for retaining inner peace.







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